

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
VOL. XXXI. }

OCTOBER, 1879.

NEW SERIES. }
VOL. VIII. NO. 10. }



THE TWO DOGS.

SEE what a difference there is in the two pictures in this number of the "Dayspring." In the first, you see Ponto very angry with a hungry bird who is eating food from his dish on a cold winter's day. The food was put there for Ponto by his mistress; but how very selfish he is to drive away the poor bird, who has had nothing to eat for a long time.

Now look at the second picture. Here you see good dog Tray as friendly as can be to a goose who has come to visit him. The goose is on Tray's ground, at the very door of his kennel; yet the noble fellow, instead of driving her away, seems to enjoy her company, and to feel honored by it.

Do we not find children as different from each other as these two dogs? Yes, there are children like Ponto, never willing to share what they have with others, not even with the sick and poor; and there are children like Tray, always good-natured and generous.

We hope that all the children who see these pictures will be careful never to be cross and selfish like Ponto, but always kind and friendly like Tray.

TRUTH is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

For The Dayspring.

A VISIT TO CATDOM.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.



JACK, *such fun!*" cried Clarence Cooper, as he entered the sitting-room with his usual clatter, flung his cap one way, his books another, pulled the cat's tail as he passed, and finally landed on the lounge by the side of Jack, who was confined to it with an injured foot.

The boy was greeted by the members of his family in the following way.

"Clarence," questioned his mother, "when *will* you learn to hang up your hat?"

"Do let poor puss alone!" begged his sister Nina; while Jack, as he nursed his lame foot, cried sharply, "Couldn't you sit down a little harder, when a fellow's leg aches like fun?"

All the response made by Clarence to these remarks was: "Oh, come, don't bother!"

"Well, tell us about the fun," said Jack, who had been deprived of out-door sports for so long that he was eager to hear of the doings of his comrades.

"Oh, yes, such a time! We boys were coming home from school when we saw an old black and white cat grubbing round for something to eat. 'Hi!' said I, 'here's fun!' So we caught the old thing (how she did spit and hiss!), and rushed for the nearest pump; the trough was full of water, and in went poor puss, head over heels! Every time her head bobbed out of water we pushed her back, until at last she made one frantic effort, scrambled over the edge of the trough, gave a great bound, and off she went. We boys gave chase; but the old thing was too much for us, and

hid in some hole or other. It was boss, I tell you! ha, ha, ha!"

This laugh was not echoed by his hearers. Jack smiled, it is true; but it was a feeble effort. Mrs. Cooper looked grave; while Nina gathered her much-loved puss in her arms, as if to shield her from the fate which had befallen the victim of the wild school-boys.

Clarence looked round in surprise. "What's the matter? You look as solemn as owls. Why don't you laugh?"

"I don't see any thing to laugh at," replied Nina, indignantly. "For my part, I should think you'd be ashamed to treat a poor cat so."

"Pooh, Nina! That's because you're a girl, and have nothing better to do than to nurse a cat. Mother dear, don't you think it was fun?" Clarence was an affectionate boy, and put his arm around his mother's neck as he awaited her reply.

She laid down her sewing, pushed the bright hair away from the flushed face of her boy, and answered: "My dear Clarence, I want you to have all the fun that you can. Youth is short, and the cares of life come all too soon. But I want you to be careful never to mistake *cruel sport* for *fun*."

"Do you call chasing a worthless old cat *cruel sport*?"

"It surely was not *fun* to the poor creature."

"Oh, pshaw, mammy! You women have such tender hearts. Why, it didn't hurt the old thing."

"Didn't hurt her!" exclaimed Nina.

"Don't you think it would hurt you?"

"Cats aren't like people; their feelings are not so sensitive," laughed Clarence.

"I just wish you could be a cat for a little while," returned Nina. "I think you'd find you had some sensitive feelings.

I shall be very careful to keep my dear darling old puss out of your way."

Puss responded to the caresses of her young mistress with purrs of great satisfaction until Clarence threw his ball at her, when she bounded away, and the boy ran out of the room closely pursued by the angry Nina.

That night the pillow of Clarence was beset with troubled dreams. They may have been caused by the rich cake which he had eaten for supper; but I am inclined to think that the much-abused black and white cat sat by his ear, and whispered them for revenge.

He thought that, while on his way home from school, he was pursued by a party of enormous cats. Their eyes glowed like balls of fire; their tails were of twice their usual size, while the hair along their spines stood up like bristles.

Notwithstanding his speed, the cats overtook him, and, in spite of his struggles, bore him off to an underground passage. Along this they plunged, dragging their hapless victim behind them. At last they reached a low door, before which an immense coal-black cat was slowly pacing like a sentinel.

After some parleying, the door was opened, and they were admitted into an apartment of great size, but so low that, even had his captors allowed it, Clarence could not have stood upright.

Upon a luxurious embroidered cushion at the end of the room reclined a beautiful cat. She was very large, and perfectly white, with lovely green eyes and a pink nose.

The cats bowed low before her.

"What do you bring your queen?" she asked.

"May it please your majesty," answered the foremost cat, "we have here the wretch

who this day illtreated one of your subjects."

"Ha! say you so? You have done well. Summon my lords to the council, and let them decide upon the punishment to be meted out to the base offender."

Accordingly stalked six Maltese cats, who seated themselves in a circle round poor frightened Clarence, growling and hissing in a terrible manner whenever he moved hand or foot.

"My lords and gentlemen," began the queen, "you see before you a cruel biped who has dared to illtreat one of your race. What shall be done to the culprit?"

After some consultation, the lords made their report as follows: "We have decided, most gracious queen, that the poor victim shall pronounce the fate of her tormentor."

"It is well," assented the queen. "Let her be brought into our presence."

In a few moments the old black and white cat entered the room. She was wrapped in a warm shawl, and her limping steps supported on either side by her nurses, two old yellow cats, with ruffled caps upon their heads.

She was accommodated with a stool at the foot of the throne, and commanded to say what should be done to the prisoner. Shooting a spiteful look out of her green eyes at trembling Clarence, she made answer in these words: "I should like, your majesty, to see the same torture imposed upon him which he inflicted upon me."

"It shall be done," said the queen.

Accordingly the whole party dragged poor Clarence to the nearest horse-trough, thrust him in, and whenever, sputtering and blowing, he got his head above water, they pushed him in again with growls and hisses.

At length the sick cat, who had sat on the edge of the trough enjoying the suffer-

ings of her enemy, said, "Enough, I am satisfied."

After receiving one more ducking, Clarence was taken out, and carried, a dripping, hapless object, to the presence of the queen again.

"You have done well, my lords and faithful subjects," pronounced her majesty. "A collation of tender young mice and sweet custards awaits you in the saloon."

Each cat bowed profoundly.

"Are you all satisfied with the punishment? Have the sufferings of his victim been sufficiently avenged?"

Some of the mildest answered, "Yes." But two fierce grimalkins signified their desire to see still further penalties imposed upon the culprit, as he had treated them cruelly at various times.

"Very well," said the queen, "do as you see fit with the prisoner; but take him from our presence."

Clarence was accordingly dragged out again, and obliged to listen to the various plans for his punishment suggested by his tormentors.

"Cut off his ears," said one. "My kittens have often been treated in that way."

"Throw hot water on him," said another; "he threw some on me the other day."

"Hang him, hang him!" clamored a third, "as he hung my brother last week."

This mode being finally decided upon, the cat who had suggested hanging brought a rope, and ran nimbly up a post in which a strong hook was driven. He placed the rope over this hook, then ran down again, and insisted that it was his right to tie the rope round the victim's neck. This was agreed to by the others.

"O cats, dear cats, let me go!" begged

Clarence. "I will never abuse one of you again."

"Ho, ho!" sneered the cats; "you can't get off that way. Go on with the rope."

All his appeals were vain. One end of the rope was fastened round his neck, the cats laid hold of the other, pranced about in high glee, and were just drawing him up, when he made one desperate struggle, and—awoke to find himself in his own bed, with the sheet tightly drawn across his neck!

He sat up, trembling and bewildered, and looked around for the fierce cats. They were nowhere to be seen. The moonbeams streaming in showed him that he was in his own little room.

"Thank goodness!" he said to himself, "it was only a dream. But I'll never tease a cat again for fear they should get hold of me sure enough."

Lying down again, he soon fell into a quiet sleep; but nevertheless, when he awoke in the morning, the impression made by his dream still lingered vividly in his mind, and as soon as he got downstairs he hunted up puss and coaxed her into his lap, where he petted and fondled her with the greatest tenderness.

Nina was surprised to discover them thus, and exclaimed, "Why, Clarence! Has the world turned upside down in the night? Who would have expected to see you hold a cat?"

"I am trying to appease Catdom," was his mysterious reply.

"Appease Catdom! What *do* you mean?"

"I'll tell you some time; it is a long story."

That evening, as they sat round the fire, Clarence related his dream to his mother, Jack, and Nina, and laughed with them over the fright which he had experienced.

It was only a dream, but the remem-

brance of it had such an effect upon the boy that he gave up his favorite amusement, and the cats of the neighborhood were ever afterward unmolested by him.

As for himself and puss, they became the closest of friends.

For The Dayspring.

THE BOY AND THE VOICE.

BY W. P. T.

"Founded on fact."

THE sun was up; the dew had gone
Up in the sky, where showers are born.
Old Chanticleer had stopped his crowing;
The men were in the fields a-mowing;
The pastures green the cows were cropping;
The lambs on sunny slopes were hopping.
The birds had ceased their choral singing,
And sticks and straws for nests were bringing;
The bees were hunting honey-dew,
Whizzing and buzzing the garden through.
Adown the lane, the glassy pond
Its lily-jewelled vest had donned;
The frogs and turtles, one by one,
Came out to take a draught of sun,
And on the shining rocks around
A cosy place for dozing found.
With one eye only could they sleep;
The other constant watch must keep,
That when they heard a voice, or rumble,
Down they could slide, or leap, or tumble,
Into their safe and quiet home,
Where sunshine dangers never come.

This morning, Master Theodore, —
A boy of six or little more, —
Went to the pond, with shingle boat,
And paper sail, to see it float.
For all the breezes had stopped blowing,
To kiss the lilies, brightly glowing,
And clean the rocks for baby frogs,
Whose mothers called them from the bogs,
To dry their clothes, and comb their hair,
And take a sun-bath in the air.

But Thedie was himself a breeze, —
His ship was made to cross the seas;
So, giving it a spunky push,
Far out he sent it with a rush.

"Hurrah!" he cried; and, at the word,
 Pop, plash, and tumble could be heard,
 As nimble frog, with graceful leap,
 Or clumsy turtle, sought the deep.
 One venerable frog remained,
 And on the rock his place maintained;
 For ne'er, he thought, could *such* a boy
 A patriarchal frog annoy.

The boy *was* kind as summer sun,
 But he was born in *Lexington*, —
 Had heard of "Reg'lars." What a shot!
 Could he hit him? May be not.
 "By — ee!" said he, "I guess I'll try it;"
 And, stone in hand, took aim to shy it.

Then came a voice, in solemn tone, —
 "Don't throw, don't throw that cruel stone!"
 Alarmed, he said, aloud, "Who spoke?"
 But not a sound the silence broke.
 He looked into the sky above,
 But only saw a white-winged dove,
 That o'er his head was circling round,
 As if by some enchantment bound.

Swift to his home he flew to tell
 His mother all that had befall;
 And, when she heard the simple tale,
 Her cheeks with sacred joy grew pale,
 For well she knew from that sure token
 That God unto her child had spoken.

So, when he asked, with wonder look,
 "Mother, what was the voice that spoke?"
 She drew him gently to her breast,
 And on his cheek a kiss impressed,
 Saying, "My boy, some choose to call
 This voice, which speaks within to all,
 The voice of conscience; others say
 It is the voice of God. Obey,
 Always obey that voice, my boy,
 And life to you will be a joy."

That boy, to voice of conscience true,
 As up to manhood's prime he grew,
 Never forgot that summer morn
 When in his soul an *ear* was born.
 Henceforth the voice divine he knew;
 To love of Truth and Right it drew,
 Winning his powers of heart and mind
 To work for God and all mankind.

'Twas thus he found that sacred joy
 The mother promised to her boy.

For The Dayspring.

WILLIE AND HIS BIRDIE.

BY SELAH HOWELL.



ET me a canary birdie, papa,"
 said Willie, as papa kissed him
 good-by for Boston. And the
 memory of his dear little face
 and loving good-by made it impossible
 for papa to do otherwise than buy a canary
 bird for the little three-year old boy.

So, when he had reached Boston, and
 while telling some friends about Willie
 and his wish for a canary bird, a kind
 lady, who loves little children, and tries
 to make them happy, and, we hope, good,
 said, quickly, "He shall have a bird; he
 shall have *my* bird."

He was a beautiful yellow, — yellow all
 over except his bright black eyes, that
 seemed to sparkle like diamonds whenever
 Willie came to the cage and called him by
 name.

He was not a very large bird, but neat
 and well made. His bill seemed to be
 about large enough to make a nice point
 to his head; head about large enough for
 his neck and body; and body not so short
 as to be a dumpy bird, nor so slender as
 to look as if he was hungry.

"What a pretty bird!" everybody said,
 "and how beautifully he sings!"

Before Willie's papa left Boston, this
 kind lady put Billy, — for that was the
 birdie's name, she said, — put Billy into
 a little cage, with plenty of seeds and
 water, and told him to take the birdie and
 give it to Willie.

When Willie saw his Billy, how he did
 laugh and clap his dear little hands; and
 how Billy did sing and hop from perch to
 perch, his eyes sparkling as if he couldn't
 see enough of Willie! Always, after that,
 if Willie came up to his cage, and called,

"Billy, Billy!" the little bird would chirp and sing as happy as happy could be. Billy loved Willie, and Willie loved Billy.

A whole year long, every day in the year, Billy sang for us. In the morning, the first thing we would hear would be Billy's cheerful song. He never seemed to think any thing naughty, or sing any thing naughty, but was good and happy and loving. We all loved him dearly.

I wonder why it is, dear children, that so many things we love get lost or die, so we can't have them any more. I do not know, unless God wants us to be sure not to love any thing more than we love Him.

Well: one day, Willie, with his papa and mamma, and brother and sister, went to Rockaway Beach. They had a happy time. Papa bought Willie a little wooden shovel, and down on the beach where the great waves were rolling and roaring Willie had a glorious time, digging wells in the sand and watching the water fill them up. Once a little donkey came near running over him, and after that he asked papa to tell him when the "mewl" was coming.

That night Willie was tired, and soon went to bed; and not long after he had gone to sleep, papa went to bring Billy into the sitting-room, and found—oh, must he write it!—poor little Billy dead. All day long, while Willie had been so happy, Billy had been getting sicker and sicker, until he died, all alone in his cage. There he lay, his head pillowed upon his bath-tub, dead, for ever dead!

Many, many times the next day, Willie came to his papa, and putting his arms around his neck, said, in a low, pitiful voice, as his little head lay wearily down, "Papa, Billy is dead; he will never sing for us any more."

He wanted papa to put Billy in a nice

box, and bury him in the garden. And in the evening, when the sun was setting and the birds were singing us a good-night song, we laid the dear little birdie Billy in a beautiful box, gently upon soft cotton, crowned his head with sweet-smelling sprigs of elder, and walking together out to the garden, buried him under an apple-tree. "Dust to dust," we said, then covered him lovingly with earth.

After Willie had said his prayers that night, he asked papa to let him pray for his dear little Billy; and, in a low tone, hardly more than a whisper, Willie said for his birdie: "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen. Create in me a clean heart, O God!" and in still lower tones, as the dear troubled heart was hushed in sleep, papa heard him say, "Poor Billy's dead, and I love you, papa."

For The Dayspring.

FAMILY JEWELS.

SHE was dressed in the deepest mourning,
And seemed to avoid public gaze;
She wore just the air of a person
Who some time had seen better days.

She timidly drew to the counter,
And laid down a package quite small;
The Jew never took the least notice,
And seemed not to see it at all.

She quietly opened the casket,
And drew forth an old-fashioned ring,
Next a watch, and a heavy gold locket,
And asked what he thought they would bring.

The Jew readjusted his glasses,
And opened the watch in a trice;
His face wore a look of deep cunning,
While mentally fixing the price.

"This watch, mum, is hardly *worth* buying;
It's awful old fashioned, d'ye see?
And no one would give ye a farthing,
Or a threepenny bit, but me."

"O sir! I'm a widow, with children,
So poor that we hunger for bread."

"Yes, yes, that's an every-day story:
Just try something else, mum, instead."

"The ring" — with a sob — "is a diamond;
The setting is called very fine."

"I say, mum, they're all too old fashioned, —
So please don't begin here to whine.

"If you will but stop for a minute,
I'll tell ye just what I will do:
I'll pay you in cash a go'd guinea!
And close up the bargain right through."

"The diamond is worth more than that, sir."

"I think, mum, that I ought to know:
I've been in the trade all my lifetime, —
Now leave 'um, or take 'um and go."

The pawnbroker, fearful of losing
So splendid a bargain as this,
Stood narrowly watching his victim,
To see that no word went amiss.

While she, with a look more of sorrow
Than anger at what she had heard,
Took thankfully up the small pittance,
And left without saying a word.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

THINK about yourself, — about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, — and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil every thing you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of every thing which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST PLEA.

WHEN Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were boys on their father's farm in New Hampshire, they were greatly annoyed one year by the ravages of the squirrels, and traps were set to catch them. Ezekiel brought the first capture to the house in triumph, and was, boy-like, eager to kill him at once, as a punishment for his misdeeds, or to make him a prisoner for life in a cage; but Daniel would consent to neither sentence, — he wanted to set the poor frightened little creature free. The dispute waxed warm, and the boys appealed to their father. He proposed to hold a court, and have the squirrel tried, Ezekiel appearing for the prosecution, Daniel for the defence. This was a grand idea. The court was organized in the family sitting-room, with the father on the bench. Ezekiel did his very best. He enlarged upon the iniquities of the squirrel and the necessity for punishment, and supposed he had covered the whole ground. But Daniel rose, his young face lighted with enthusiasm, and his young heart full of pity for the helpless creature whose life he was to plead for. Boy as he was, he poured out such a flood of eloquent speech on the beauty and worth of life, even to a squirrel; on the great wrong of imprisonment for an unconscious offence; and on the charm of freedom, — that when he sat down his hearers wiped the tears from their eyes. The prosecutor was the first to deliver the little prisoner, and Daniel and Ezekiel set no more traps — *Selected.*

STUDY books to know how things ought to be; study men to know how things are.

It is more profitable to look up our defects than to boast of our attainments.



For The Dayspring.

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



"MOTHER, mother!" said Anna Preston, eagerly, "do let us go and see Emily and Kitty this afternoon;" and Susie echoed, "Do, mamma!"

Mrs. Preston thought a moment. She was an indulgent mother, and never refused her children a pleasure she thought it right for them to have, but this time she was doubtful.

"Please, mother," urged Anna; "I'll be very careful of Susie; we haven't seen their Christmas presents yet, and we want to go very much."

"It is not only taking care of Susie, dear, that I'm thinking about," returned Mrs. Preston; "but it will snow by to-night, and I am afraid you will be out too late. If you go, you must start for home by four o'clock. The days are short, you know, and it is so cloudy that it will be dark earlier than usual."

"Yes, we will," the little girls answered; and on this condition their mother's consent was given.

Their blue merino dresses and white aprons were quickly put on, and then the thick dark-gray coats with blue trimmings, hoods, gaiters, rubbers, and mittens. Anna carried a favorite book, one of her Christmas presents; she and Emily Foster liked books better than any thing else, and she was too eager to show her treasure to wait till her little friend could come to make her a visit.

It was more than a mile by the road to Mrs. Foster's; but the way across the fields and through a bit of woodland was scarcely half as far, and the children knew the path well.

"Good-by, my darlings," said their mother, as she stood in the doorway; "be sure to start at four, and come directly home. You will get there by two. And, Anna, take good care of Susie, and be gentle with her; *remember your two promises.*"

Emily and Kitty Foster met their little friends with a glad welcome, and, of course, the first thing was to look over the Christmas gifts. Emily had a handsome book, and box of cube blocks, that could be put together in six different pictures. Kitty had a new wax doll and a kitchen. Time passed very swiftly, and, when the clock struck four, Anna could not believe she had counted right. Susie said it was four, and went to look. Anna was just then very much engaged in putting the picture-blocks together, and she answered carelessly, when Susie came back, "I must just finish this picture, — it will only take a few minutes. See, Susie, a horse and colt!"

Susie stood by, and watched Anna's progress with a keen interest, and neither of the little girls had much idea of the time thus spent. Emily and Kitty could form the pictures quite fast, after the patterns that came in the box; they had played with them a good deal in the two or three weeks that had passed since Christmas; but to Anna the blocks were wholly new, and she could not do it quickly. When the horse was finished, she wanted to make the cat and kittens; then the dog, and afterwards the cow, — excusing herself all the while by saying, "Just this one; I want to do it so much. It will only make a few minutes' difference, and we can run part way home."

She kept on till startled by hearing the clock strike the half-hour. She sprang up, and began hurriedly to look for her own and Susie's things.

"I'll get your rubbers," said Emily; "mother put them by the dining-room fire, to keep warm."

In a minute she returned with the over-shoes, and followed by her mother.

"You are not going home before tea, children, surely?" asked Mrs. Foster, in a tone of surprise. "I meant to have it early."

"Yes, ma'am; mother said we must," Anna answered. But she was plainly reluctant to go; she dearly loved "staying to tea," and she wavered still more when Mrs. Foster said, —

"Do you think your mother would mind, Anna, if I should have tea directly? Or, if you could stay just a little later, Mr. Foster would see you home. It is so long since you have been here."

It was a pity Mrs. Foster said this. She did not know Anna had *promised*; but she was putting a temptation in the little girl's way to disobey her kind mother, instead of helping her to do her duty. Susie, however, was eager to go home, and Anna knew it would not do to wait till after tea; but she did stay "just a few minutes," when the lady brought from the pantry two saucers of "floating island," of which she was very fond.

It takes several minutes to wrap two little girls for a winter's walk; then there was more talking, and after they had started Anna found she had forgotten her book, and they went back for it. They were almost an hour behindhand.

"Anna," exclaimed Susie, "it's snowing!"

"Sure enough!" said Anna; "what shall we do? Well, we must get home some way. Take hold of my hand, Susie. There, don't cry: let's run."

Run they did; but they were soon out of breath, and Susie's little feet began to

tire. When they reached the wood, they were both frightened by the gathering darkness. The snow fell faster and faster; the wind rose, and, whirling through the leafless trees, dashed the wet flakes in their faces. Their hands and feet were cold, though so well clothed; and, worse than all the rest, the foot-path was covered, and in the dim twilight it was hard to find the way.

On they went, with many a stumble and fall, many a scratch and bruise; Susie crying outright, and Anna, conscious that the fault was hers, trying to keep back her tears, and comfort and help her little sister.

"O Anna! I wish father would come and meet us," wailed Susie, pitifully.

"So do I; but he isn't home yet, and mother's expecting us every minute. She couldn't leave baby, you know. We must just get on as well as we can."

"I'm so tired and cold and hungry!"

"Yes, dear; but we'll have supper, and get warm and rested pretty soon. Don't cry."

Susie struggled bravely on for a while; but she fell over a stump in the darkness, and was severely bruised. Anna had as much as she could do to console and encourage her; and all the time she was thinking, "It's my fault! It's my fault! I wish I had kept my promise."

"Are we almost through the woods, Anna?" asked Susie, stamping the snow off her poor cold little feet, when they had walked some distance.

"I hope so," said Anna, trying to speak cheerfully; but the next moment she grasped her sister's waist, — "Stop, Susie, for your life! It's the mill, I do believe! Listen: yes, that's the wheel plashing. We're close to the bank, Susie; we've

missed the way ; and now we must turn right around."

Poor little Susie! Tired, cold, hungry, and frightened, her hope and courage had been kept up so far by the thought that they were near home. Utterly disheartened, she curled down in a little heap on the wet ground, and burst into a wild fit of crying.

"Susie dear," said Anna, in an earnest, pleading tone, "you'll surely be sick if you sit there. Do try once more."

"I don't believe I can walk another step," moaned Susie, piteously; "I'm so tired, — and I want mamma. O mamma, mamma!"

Anna felt bewildered and helpless. She, too, was almost worn out, and her hands and feet ached with cold. But a thought crossed her mind, bringing light and comfort.

She knelt beside Susie, and said, earnestly: "O Father! forgive us for not minding mother, and take care of us, and help us to find the way home, or send somebody to us."

"O Anna! do you think He will?" said Susie, slowly getting on her feet again.

"He will, surely, dear, if we trust Him, and try all we can: that's what mother says, and *it's the way she does.*"

Yes, it was this that gave the mother's word power and influence. Even Susie, young as she was, felt it, and took heart again.

A little way they struggled bravely on; but their strength was really failing, and they could not have kept up much longer, when they heard a quick bark, and their own dear old Lion bounded over the crackling underbrush, and rushed up to them. In another instant, their father's voice, shouting their names, sounded through the dark woods; and, guided by the chil-

dren's answering calls and the dog's wild barking, he soon found his way to them.

He had found their mother sorely anxious when he came home to tea; and, tired and cold as he was, he started out again, followed by Lion. The dog had been with him all the afternoon; otherwise Mrs. Preston would have let him go with the children.

A grateful joy, a tender pity, welled up in the father's heart. Not a word of reproof passed his lips; for he knew their disobedience had cost them pain enough, and was confident they would do better in time to come.

"My poor children!" was all he said, as he lifted Susie in his arms, laid her tired head on his shoulder, and, taking Anna's hand, turned homeward. In two minutes Susie was fast asleep.

They were soon out of the woods, Lion bounding on before; but the snow had fallen so fast, and the wind was so cold and piercing, that Anna had a hard time getting home. She clung to her father's hand, and, though her fingers were almost benumbed, still tightly clasped her precious book. But, as the lamplight soon showed, it was precious no longer. It was utterly soaked and spoiled, and she had hardly read it.

Yet Anna was truly more grieved for the pain her father, mother, and little sister had suffered through her broken promise, than for any loss of her own.

The mother, too, had only tender words and loving care and grateful thoughts. She had their supper ready for them of hot milk and bread; and very soon they were tucked into bed, snug and warm. They had taken severe colds, but, by her watchful care, they escaped more serious illness.

Susie was asleep again almost as soon as

she touched her pillow. Anna twined her arms around her mother, as she kissed her good-night, and said: "Mother dear, I'll try never to disobey you again, and always to keep my promises."

SMOKE NOT.

"HAVE a pipe of tobacco, waterman?" said a young man at one of our seaports.

"No, thank you, sir: I don't smoke."

"Don't smoke?"

"No, sir: haven't smoked a pipe this ten years. One of my customers, a Miss Johnson, gave me this tract, 'Smoke not.' Well, sir, that tract hit me upon every point. It was written so well, that it described every feeling a great smoker has. Well, I finished my pipe, knocked out the ashes, gave up a bad habit; and, without any offence, sir, it would be a good thing if you would read the tract, and give up a bad and injurious habit."

It is much better still, boys, never to begin an evil habit like this. — *The Well-Spring*.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A LITTLE girl attending a private school in one of our large cities did not know her way home. A messenger was expected to take her from school, but as she did not arrive, a sister pupil of the girl was requested to conduct her to her mother's house. For this service the teacher gave her a cent. The children departed, but before going far they met the messenger, who relieved the guide of her charge. She immediately returned to the teacher, and said, "I didn't show the little girl the way home, and so I have brought back your cent." — *Selected*.

For The Dayspring.

FATHER'S HEIFER STORY.

BY ELMER LYNNDE.

"Now, boys," said father to Ned and me, who were somewhat inclined to be lazy, "I want to tell you what my father always said to Brother Harry and me: 'Get up early and do your chores, for you may save yourselves a great deal of trouble.'"

"I knew father was a pretty good farmer, for every thing he took charge of seemed to prosper. He had the best crops in the country, and the finest looking cattle in the neighborhood. I knew also that father was right; but we didn't like getting up early, although we went to bed early enough to get plenty of sleep before sunrise.

"Our chores were attending to the cattle in the morning, milking the cows, and turning them out to pasture down in the cornfield in the summer, and feeding them in the winter.

"Well, generally father called us up in the morning, and how we'd scramble out of bed and into our homespun as soon as his voice sounded in our ears; for father was a pretty straight up-and-down sort of a man, and never had any coaxing ways like mother.

"I remember well, one night in early June, Harry and I had been out rowing on the pond at the foot of the hill, when father brought home a fine young heifer of the Alderney breed, and great things were prophesied of it.

"His neighbors admired it so much, father said, as he passed through the village, that it was quite a hindrance to getting it home.

"Well, it was a perfect beauty, and I could see that father was quite proud of it

already. It was put in a separate inclosure from the other cattle, for sometimes the old settlers don't feel very friendly towards new-comers.

"The next morning father was obliged to leave home very early, — uncommonly early, — for he had forgotten some very important thing down at the lower village where he made his purchase; and as it was an hour earlier than usual for us to rise, mother begged him not to wake us before he went, and she would remember to do it at the usual time; so, after taking a look at his heifer, he departed.

"At the regular hour, mother called us in her gentle, sweet way; but, although she said afterward that we had answered her, — from force of habit, probably, — yet her voice only rippled through our dreams, and did not really disturb us.

"It was full an hour after when the bright glare of the sun startled us, and we threw on our clothes helter-skelter and rushed downstairs.

"All was alarmingly still in the house, and we saw nothing of mother, but heard a great commotion in the cow-yard; — and such a scene as presented itself!

"It seems the heifer had broken loose and walked in to visit its neighbors, who were hungry and miserable generally from not having been attended to.

"Feeling particularly savage, they had rushed at the poor little heifer and gored her most unmercifully.

"There stood poor mother outside of the paling: she was always rather afraid of cows, never having been brought up on a farm, and she was waving her sun-bonnet frantically at the animals, who only acted as if she were cheering them on, for they went at the intruder with fresh violence.

"She had no one to help her, for the hired men were all in the field.

"Harry and I felt ashamed enough, I can tell you; but we rushed in and rescued the poor little animal, who died though from her wounds a few minutes afterwards.

"Father did not return until all the chores were done; but we felt guilty enough, I can tell you.

"Mother had promised to tell father, and to intercede for us; and, though father never said a word about it, his silence was so impressive that we were taught a lesson we never forgot, and after that there was no trouble about getting us up in the morning."

For The Dayspring.

THE MEADOW POND.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

YON meadow has a grassy floor,
With silver daisies sprinkled o'er;
There a swift brooklet stopped to play,
One breezy, bright, midsummer day.

The sky looked down with smiling face,
That gave the day a tender grace;
The brook, forgetting clouds and rain,
With saucy glee smiled back again.

The fringing grasses leaned beside
The sloping bank that edged its tide,
And golden bees, there mirrored clear,
Seemed twinkling stars, in skies brought near.

Sudden, a little winsome elf
Leaned down, and saw therein — herself!
And cried, with eager voice and smile,
"Come, play with me a little while.

"Are you an angel in er sky?
Is 'oor wings lost, so 'oo can't fly?"
Before the answer came, a cloud
Its swift hand swept, white as a shroud.

The little one, in grieved surprise,
Looked wonder from her wide blue eyes,
And said, "I just would ask her more,
But somebody has shut the door!"

DROLL DOINGS.

Is it because they live on the other side of the world that the Japanese do almost every thing opposite from what we do? Their day is, for the most part, our night; and, except that they do not walk on their heads instead of their feet, every thing seems strangely topsy-turvy. Their books begin where ours end, and are written from top to bottom, from right to left, and in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines. Keys turn in their locks towards the left; and the kitchen is in the front of the house, while the parlor is in the rear. Horses stand in the stables with their heads where we place their tails; bells to the harness are always fastened on the hindquarters instead of the front; and men mount the animals from the off-side. Old men fly kites, and children look on. The carpenter draws his plane *towards* him; and the tailor stitches *from* him. Ladies blacken their teeth instead of keeping them white; and gentlemen have trains to their trousers. This fashion gives them an irresistibly comic air. Their feet look as if thrust into the knees of the garment, and they shuffle along much like a man walking upon stumps. — *The Well-Spring.*

GOVERN YOUR TEMPER.

NOTHING is more lovely in boys and girls than quiet, sweet tempers. Some days ago, two young friends of ours went into the parlor to practise a duet on the piano. They were brother and sister. For a time the music came in jerks, then stopped altogether. Opening the door, another duet was heard: "You didn't." — "I did." — "I say you were too fast." — "But I know I wasn't." That is what we heard, — a very sad duet to us, in which there was no music. — *Selected.*

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE girl from the West, visiting at Springfield, was somewhat startled at the firing of the armory sunset-gun, and inquired what that noise was. Being told it was the "sunset-gun," with a doubtful look she replied that the sun never made such a noise as that setting out West, any way.

A minister, annoyed by talking and giggling, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave. Some years ago, as I was preaching, a young man was constantly laughing and talking. I administered a rebuke. After service, a gentleman said to me: 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat that blunder and reprove another idiot." There was no more laughing.

A little five-year old could not quite understand why the stars did not shine one night when the rain was pouring down in torrents. She stood at the window, pondering on the subject with much gravity. All at once her countenance lighted up, and she said: "Mother, I know why the stars don't shine. God pulled them all up, so as to let the water come through the holes!"

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

UNITY INFANT-CLASS CARDS.

THESE cards form a series of twelve, corresponding to the first series of "Unity Lessons on Child-Life." They are appropriately illustrated, and in all respects the prettiest and best we have seen. Price twenty cents for the series. Published by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, 75 Madison Street, Chicago, and the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

THE October number of the "Sunday-school Lessons" contains four Lessons on the sixth chapter of Matthew. The use of the Lessons has largely increased since the publication of this series was begun; and we infer from it that most of our Sunday schools prefer lessons on the Teachings of Jesus to those on the Old Testament. Specimen copies sent free to any address on application to the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

THE Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in Salem, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, October 15 and 16. An interesting and profitable time is anticipated, and it is hoped that ministers, superintendents, and teachers will be there in large numbers.

FROM the little acorn comes "the monarch of the forest, pushing upward ever. Its lesson is perseverance."

IF any one speaks evil of you, live so that none will believe him.

IN memory's mellowed light, we behold not the thorns; we see only the beautiful flowers.

NEVER sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My first is in hand, but not in foot;
My second is in leaf, but not in root;
My third is in neat, and also in nice;
My fourth is in dash, and also in dice;
My fifth is in kill, but not in slay;
My sixth is in preach, but not in pray;
My seventh is in true, but not in false;
My eighth is in music, but not in waltz;
My ninth is in high, but not in low;
My tenth is in rain, but not in snow;
My eleventh is in friend, and also in foe;
My twelfth is in the same, — now don't you know?

My whole is a necessary article of daily use.

M. J. C.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead an expression of anger, and leave a monk's hood; behead again, and leave a large bird.
2. Behead the name of a poet, and leave a sharp instrument.
3. Behead an adverb, and leave a useful bird.
4. Behead a weapon, and leave a part of speech.
5. Behead an article of wearing apparel, and leave an adjective.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

"What a glorious morning for America!"

ENIGMA NO. 2.

Massachusetts.

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

Entered as Second-class Mail Matter.

University Press : John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.